

THE COLORED CITIZENS OF BOSTON. During the past few weeks of a temporary sojourn in this city, I have been somewhat of an observer of the various efforts which, through the efforts of the colored citizens, have been made to secure a more active and efficient anti-slavery movement in this city. I have seen the efforts of the colored citizens to secure a more active and efficient anti-slavery movement in this city. I have seen the efforts of the colored citizens to secure a more active and efficient anti-slavery movement in this city.

precipitated the importance of remembering the slave at the ballot-box, and cited some instances in his anti-slavery experience where it had been signally efficacious. He would not, however, regard politics as an end, but merely as a means for securing a certain good. He would have them ever keep in mind, that moral power was a more exalted and positive lever for promoting the anti-slavery or any other good cause. He expressed, in substance, the sentiment of Mrs. Child, that he who gives his mind to politics sails on a stormy sea, with a giddy pilot. He informed the audience that he dated his conversion to anti-slavery from October 21st, 1835, when, landing from shipboard, and walking up State street, Boston, he suddenly encountered that mob of 'gentlemen of property and standing,' who, with a rope around Mr. Garrison's neck, were bent upon his destruction. On learning that it was for words and deeds in behalf of the enslaved colored man, his heart and soul at that moment became fully committed to the cause for which our noble advocate was so near sacrificing his life.

Wm. C. Nell remarked, that in behalf of 423,000 million of free colored Americans, and nearly four millions of chattel slaves in these United States, he could not but commend those who exercised the elective franchise in favor of liberty. Remembering that in Pennsylvania that right had been stolen from her 52,000 colored citizens, and that in several States, falsely termed free, it was restricted to property qualification, and in others absolutely denied, he rejoiced that to day it was as untrammelled right, in the old Bay State, and that its influence was felt not only in commingling with other citizens at the polls, but in every sphere of society.

But there were other ways of advancing the anti-slavery cause than at the ballot-box; and he concurred with other speakers in reference to the women, who he regretted were yet denied their right to vote, but their means of appeal to husbands, fathers and brothers, intelligently directed, were various and all-powerful. The emancipation of 800,000 slaves in the British West Indies was mostly attributable to the women's petition, two miles and a quarter long, which, as declared by members of Parliament, could no longer be resisted.

Among our white fellow-citizens participating, Dr. James W. Stone and Hon. Anson Burlingame were most prominent. The latter created much enthusiasm by his eloquent effort. He thought that the heroic, courageous and romantic escape of William and Ellen Craft from slavery had not its analogy in history; and that their refusal to retreat from the city, when hunted by the hounds of power, that others might be inspired by their example, was worthy of everlasting praise. He expressed the hope that when Thomas Sims should again fly for freedom, thousands of others might find it with him. After submitting an instructive narrative of the power wielded by the slave oligarchy over the tame and subservient North, he besought the colored citizens to remember that they too were a power on earth here in Massachusetts.

The first opportunity of hearing Rev. J. W. Lague, of Syracuse, occurred at the conclusion of these meetings, and it was a treat which will long be remembered. His recital of the Jerry escape, and the reciprocal expressions between him and some of the lookers-on at the Shadrach rescue, elicited responsive cheers which made the welkin ring, and constituted a scene which slaveholding Commissioners would have groined in spite to witness.

Boston has indeed figured largely conspicuously in the history of fugitive slave cases. August 4th, 1835, two slaves of John B. Morris, of Baltimore, were spirited from the Supreme Court in Boston—mainly through the prowess of a few colored women; the memory of which deed is scarcely cherished and transmitted to posterity. Sheriff Sumner—the honored father of Charles Sumner, whose impulses for freedom are a choice inheritance—was severely censured because he did not prevent their escape; an undertaking which those who were present knew he could not accomplish if he would, and believed he would not if he could. The stirring events connected with the Latimer war, the hunting of William and Ellen Craft, the escape of Shadrach from the lion's den, and the unparalleled excitement of Thomas Sims' arrest, are such as many eloquent themes of appeal for renewed exertions in freedom's cause.

Charles Lenox followed, in one of his felicitous speeches, during which—though careful to note the improving signs of the times—he felt compelled to note the various short-comings on the part of residents in Boston, the capital of the old Bay State, who, considering that fact, did not occupy so high an anti-slavery position as the emergency loudly demanded. Other voices helped to augment the interest of these meetings, but the foregoing must suffice.

The position of the colored citizens of Boston is in many features a peculiar one; for while with truth it can be said that they enjoy certain facilities denied their brethren in nearly all other sister cities, yet the extremes of equality and proscription meet in their case, as indicated by the pro-slavery School Committee Board. While in every other city and town in the State, colored children have free access to the district schools, here they are debarred that right. To such an extent have the feelings of a large majority been outraged in this matter, that Boston is fast losing many of her intelligent, worthy, aspiring citizens, who are becoming tax payers in adjoining localities, for the sole advantage of equal school rights. These rights are fully appreciated, and with a result which the annual report of the Cambridgeport School Committee of last year testifies to as follows:—

In the Broadway Primary School, a singular fact was noticed; namely, the mixture of four different races amongst the pupils—the Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, Celtic and African. But by the influence of the teachers and of habit, there exists perfect good feeling among them, and there is no apparent consciousness of a difference of race or condition.

Two independent schools are now supported by parents in the city, rather than send their children to the Smith School, upheld as it is against their long-continued protest. How much longer such a state of things will exist, who can tell?

But though this incalculable evil hangs upon the progress of society, there are many visible signs of improvement in other departments. A few evenings since, it was my privilege to meet a company where happened to be present one young man upon whom had been conferred the degree of Master of Arts, he having passed through a course of theology, and being now engaged in reading law, with a prospect of an early admission to the bar of one of the Western States. In conversation with him were two young physicians, one just graduated from Dartmouth College, the other a student at Bowdoin, having perfected his medical education by three years' attendance at the hospitals in Paris. These gratifying features are multiplying much faster than many believe. In various cities and towns may now be found those Home Circles, where mental and moral worth, genius and refinement lend their charms, in giving to the world assurance that, despite accidental differences of complexion, here you behold a man, there a woman, competent to fill any station in civilized society.

It was my intention to have added to the vocal and instrumental concert of the Excelsior Glee Club, and to the eloquent and musical juvenile exhibitions, under the management of Miss Washington; also, to the interest manifested in a recent course of physical lectures, volunteered by Dr. Archibald Miles; but enough has been detailed to show that the colored citizens of Boston are improving in some degree, though not so fast as their most sanguine friends could desire.

With increased faith in the 'good time coming,' I remain, Faithfully yours, WM. C. NELL.

TO THOSE LIKELY TO FORM A WRONG IDEA OF THE MEETING, FROM THE STATEMENT MADE THAT THE OFFICERS COULD NEITHER READ NOR WRITE, WE WOULD SAY, THAT EACH OFFICER REPORTED CAN READ AND WRITE A LITTLE; AT LEAST, IT WAS NOT FOUND NECESSARY FOR OTHER PERSONS TO PREPARE AND REPORT THE PROCEEDINGS. THE REASON GIVEN BY THE EDITOR, TO PERSONS WHO VISITED HIM TO ASK WHY HE GAVE A FALSE REPORT, WAS, THAT IT WAS HIS INTEREST TO MAKE IT LOOK AS BAD AS POSSIBLE. THE VOICE OF THE FUGITIVE IS NOT THE VOICE OF THE COLORED PEOPLE IN CANADA. FEW PATRONIZE IT AT ALL. ITS POSITION IS CALCULATED TO CREATE A SPIRIT OF CASTE WHERE THERE IS NONE WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION, AS WELL AS TO INJURE THEIR CHARACTER, AND TO SHOWER ABUSE PRODIGALLY UPON THEM WHEN NOT WILLING TO SUBMIT TO THE EDITOR'S DICTATION. THE TRITE SAYING, THAT 'THINGS WILL DO FOR NEGROES THAT WILL NOT DO FOR WHITE MEN,' IS WITHOUT FORCE IN ITS APPLICATION TO COLORED MEN IN CANADA, TOO. CHARACTER, WEIGHT, ABILITY, ARE NEEDED IN A JOURNAL PROCLAIMING THE VOICE OF FUGITIVES, IN VIEW OF THE GLORIOUS PROSPECTS BEFORE THEM AS HER MAJESTY'S FREEMEN, BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THAT PAPER GIVES FEIBLE EVIDENCE OF ANY ONE OF THE THREE.

THE OFFICERS OF THE WINBOR MEETING. ANTI-SLAVERY WORK IN MARLBORO'. FRIEND GARRISON: ON Monday of this week I went to Marlboro' to give three anti-slavery lectures. This is one of the towns in which a great amount of efficient labor has been performed for freedom. Here the Unitarian clergyman presided and spoke truly and earnestly at the indignation meeting which was held by the freemen of Marlboro' on the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill. Some of the conservatives of the parish thereupon tried to excite a feeling of dissatisfaction against this minister, and moved to effect his dismissal, which effort only served to show their weakness and the strength of the sentiment for truth and justice in the Unitarian parish. They were defeated, and Mr. Alger triumphantly sustained. For this result he was doubtless greatly indebted to the despised radicals, who have been breaking up the fellow ground so faithfully for the past twenty years. There is a liberal spirit in Marlboro' which is far in advance of the prevailing sentiment of most of the towns in Massachusetts. The lecturer at once saw what the feeling of a place is in addressing the people, or going into their places of business. There is a magnetism which the speaker feels as he enters the audience to which a master mind exercises upon the multitude. Give to the reformer an audience imbued with sympathy for the true and the just, and he cannot but speak eloquently. Among the places where the anti-slavery lecturer meets an appreciable audience, Marlboro' is doubtless to be ranked. There is also in this town a remarkable spirit of enterprise, and an effort, both general and current, to get knowledge. Books of a sterling character, such as Emerson's and Carlyle's and Macaulay's writings, are read more readily than in most places, and there is less of the flash publications of such men as Gleason and Dodge in circulation than in generally found. Marlboro' is a beautiful town, rich in its agricultural resources, its farms usually well managed, with neat and commodious buildings, its people industrious and rapidly increasing, and its wealth very generally diffused. There is a marked difference, for instance, between Marlboro' and Concord. Old Concord is an aristocratic, stand-still place. The few rich men there discourage the growth of the town, and live in and for themselves. Consequently, no mechanical or manufacturing business flourishes in Concord, drawing young men thither, and adding to the population and prosperity of the place. Not so with Marlboro'. The democratic idea and practice prevail there. Not far from one hundred shoe manufacturing are in successful and active operation in this town. An enterprising and prudent young man stands a good chance of getting up in the world there. All this I remarked while going my anti-slavery rounds during the day. I was interested in the people and in the meetings. In one thing I was, however, disappointed. I did not succeed in getting a subscriber for the Liberator in Marlboro', though I asked a good many to subscribe for it. Some sixty copies of the Era are taken in Marlboro', and I am persuaded that many who take that paper would be instructed and interested still more in the cause of freedom by taking the Liberator. Why will not the readers of the Liberator exert themselves for its circulation as the readers of the Era do to enlarge the list of that paper? Could not the year 1853 be commenced by a reduction in the price of the Liberator to two dollars, and by an effort on the part of its readers to add a thousand names to the subscription list? The light of one free paper ought to shine into ten thousand New England homes. So it would, if every one who reads and approves would try to extend its circulation.

While I was in Marlboro', I found a generous home with one of the few anti-slavery Irishmen who are citizens of the United States. When I resided in Concord, he was one of my best and truest friends, and the anti-slavery cause has no warmer or more self-sacrificing supporter than he. Give me the love and support of such men, and Daniel Webster is welcome to his rich and fawning retainers! The love of one such man outweighs the approbation of all the aristocratic nabobs in the land. He reads the Liberator with a zest that is truly apostolic. I am inclined to think that friend Garrison has more such friends, i. e. 'rich poor men,' than any other man. And better stock in the Bank of Humanity than this cannot be found.

A word now in reply to the Practical Christian. I have not hesitated to express my desire, when lecturing this fall, that Horace Mann might be elected Governor of the Old Commonwealth. I have also expressed the hope that each and every abolitionist who could conscientiously do so would vote for Horace Mann. A year since, I voted for the noble Palfrey, and should have voted for Mann this year, had I not lost my vote by removing to Cambridge. Whenever I have had a chance to vote for a thoroughly uncompromising reformer, I have done so, and always expect to. I have faithfully and searchingly exposed the folly and criminality of the Free Siles in agitating only at the time of an election, and for a party victory. I have shown how they ought to sustain the great and fundamental work which the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries are so faithfully carrying forward. I have pointed out how by so doing they would secure right and reliable political action; and I have shown how there might thus be union and harmony in this momentous work between all the workers and co-workers. All this I have presented as my view, and as such it has been received. I have never yet been employed to preach the views of Andover or of Hopedale, and I doubt the pecuniary ability of either of these schools of the prophets to hire me for such a purpose. I stand by my own conscience, and shall obey her law. As I understand it, the only test of membership in the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society is this—No compromise with oppression. To it, I say amen with all my heart; and I have been false to this great principle, I know it not. God grant now union, harmony and earnest co-operation on the part of all who abhor oppression and love liberty, that we may win the great battle before us, and join with angels in the choral song with which God's universe will be made vocal when the American slave becomes a free man!

Yours fraternally, DANIEL FOSTER. Cambridge, Dec. 24, 1852. NOTICE.—Our friends, who may be owing money pledged to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society for their Annual Meeting in January last, (or previously,) are earnestly requested to forward the same, as early as possible, to the Treasurer, SAMUEL PAUL, or to the undersigned, at 21 Cornhill, Boston. SAMUEL MAY, Jr. Boston, Dec. 8, 1852. Gen'l Agent.

NINETEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar will open on the morning of WEDNESDAY, the 23rd of December, at 10 o'clock, in HORTICULTURAL HALL, School street.

While the Managers regret that circumstances have prevented their opening a larger Hall, they have much pleasure in calling the attention of their friends to the facts of its central situation and convenient access as important compensations. The size and ornamental arrangements of the Hall are such as to dispense with all necessity for decoration, a circumstance on which we would congratulate the friends who have so kindly assumed the responsibility of this great labor in past years. We are also obliged to regret a Refreshment Room for the use of ladies sitting as saleswomen, but the number of omnibuses near the Hall will render this a matter of less inconvenience than would otherwise be the case.

A Refreshment Table in the Hall will be provided as in former years, and we would solicit the usual supplies from such friends as have heretofore assumed the charge of this department. Tea, Coffee, Cake, Fruit, Cream and Confectionary will be particularly acceptable. Societies or individuals who may prefer to make donations of money to the Bazaar, in preference to manufactured articles, are informed that it will be equally acceptable and duly acknowledged in the Bazaar Gazette.

The articles offered for sale will be as varied and beautiful as in any former year, and we trust that every abolitionist who can conveniently do so will feel it a matter of conscientious obligation to aid the coming Bazaar, either by donation or purchase. Let all friends to the abolition of American Slavery delay the purchase of their Christmas and New Year's Gifts till the 23rd of December, and they can gratify by the same act their affections and philanthropy alike.

The Liberty Bell will be published on the first morning of the Bazaar. The Liberator will be published on the first morning of the Bazaar. The Liberator will be published on the first morning of the Bazaar.

FAIR AT LEOMINSTER. The Leominster Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle will hold a FAIR at Smith's Hall, Central Block, on Thursday, Dec. 16th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. There will be speaking in the evening, by Lucy SPRAGUE, to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Friends of the cause in neighboring towns are earnestly invited to cheer us by their presence, and assist us in contributing to the support of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. We are confident of the usual generous supply of refreshments by the citizens, which will be very gratefully received. For the Circle, F. H. DRAKE.

GRANT FIRE IN BOSTON. Jonas Chickering's Piano Factory in Washington street, opposite the Adams House, was wholly destroyed by fire on Wednesday night last week. The loss to Mr. C. is very heavy. It is estimated as high as \$150,000. There were 100 pianos in the building, four of which were worth \$1000 each. About 100 persons were employed in the building, who have probably lost on the average, \$100 each, making a loss of \$10,000. Mr. Chickering's insurance amounts to \$67,000.

Thomas S. Moore, Amos Cummings and E. Bateman occupied the basement. Their stock was burned. Bateman was not insured; the others were insured to the amount of \$6000. The five-story building No. 328, owned by Denning Jarvis, was also destroyed. This was occupied by Thomas Moore, planer, whose loss is \$2000, and by James W. Vose, piano forte manufacturer, whose loss is \$3,500. No. 326, occupied by Mrs. Wyman, dealer in children's clothing, was also burned. A dwelling house and a small building on Norfolk street were destroyed. The Adams House was in danger, and was damaged to the amount of \$500 or \$800. The store Nos. 373 and 381 was also much injured.

A watchman named Benjamin F. Foster was carried down by the fall of one of the walls on Thursday. Alvin M. Turner, another watchman, was badly injured, though no bones were broken. The origin of the fire is not known.

The Plymouth Memorial records the death of Col. John B. Thomas, a prominent and highly respected citizen of that town. He died on Thursday, at the age of 63, and was a son of the late Judge Thomas. The Memorial says:—

Col. Thomas graduated at Harvard University in the year 1806, and was educated to the profession of the Law. He commenced and pursued the practice of his profession in this town, until he received the appointment of Clerk of the Judicial Courts for this County, which office he held for a period of about thirty-six years, when he resigned on account of ill health. He enjoyed a large share of the confidence of the public, as is shown by his repeated election to offices of honor and trust. He filled numerous municipal offices for many years. For seventeen years he was President of the Old Colony Bank. He was a member of the Convention to revise the Constitution of the Commonwealth in 1820. He was an Elector for President and Vice President of the United States in 1840. His loss will be deeply felt, and his memory gratefully cherished by the people of this county, to whom he was endeared by his uniform urbanity, courtesy and kindness.

Janus Brutus Booth, the celebrated actor, died on board a steamer, on the way from New Orleans to Cincinnati, on Tuesday last week.

PARKER PILLSBURY. An Agent of the Mass. A. S. Society, will lecture as follows:—

Pembroke, Friday, December 10. Milbury, Saturday eve and Sunday, 11 and 12. Worcester, Saturday eve and Sunday, 13 and 19.

DANIEL FOSTER. An Agent of the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:—

Holden, Friday, December 10. Leicester, Sunday, " 12. Cherry Valley, [Leicester] Monday, " 13. Milbury, Tuesday, " 14. Graton, Thursday, " 16. Feltoville, Saturday and Sunday, December 18 and 19. Marlboro', Sunday eve and Sunday, Dec. 19. Westminister, Tuesday, " 21. Parker Pillsbury, Wednesday, " 22.

WORCESTER CO. NORTH A. S. SOCIETY. A quarterly meeting of the Worcester Co. (North Division) A. S. Society will be held at Westminster Town Hall, the 22d and 23d of Dec, commencing on the 22d at 6 o'clock, P. M. Daniel Foster, Wm. B. Stone, and other speakers, will be present. Citizens, without distinction, are invited to attend; and it is hoped that the friends of freedom in the neighboring towns will make a special effort to be present. J. T. EVERETT, President. A. A. BENT, Secretary.

POPULAR LECTURES! E. C. ROGERS, author of 'Mysteries Agents,' will deliver a course of Lectures, (commencing Friday evening, Dec. 10.) in Masonic Temple, on the novel and deeply interesting topic of the 'Rational and Automaton Man'; presenting a new system of human nature, solving the many mysteries hitherto attributed to spiritual influence.

The lecturer feels that what he has to offer is of the utmost importance to the community at this exciting period. The flattering notices of his work by the Boston Press, and the urgent solicitations of numerous intelligent friends, warrant him in appearing before the citizens of Boston, and presenting to them, in a popular form, a clear and scientific solution of the above mentioned phenomena. Tickets 25 cents; to be had at this office, at Bela Marsh's, 25 Cornhill, at J. P. Jewett's, and at the door of the lecture room. Boston, Dec. 10, 1852.

CONVERSATIONS. MR. ALCOCK will discourse, during the current season, in Boston and other places, on DEMOCRACY, or the Powers, Privileges, and Regency of the Adversary in Modern Life; with special reference to Prevailing Ideas, Influences, and Institutions in New England.

Conversation I. The Personal Demon. " II. The Family " " III. The Medical " " IV. The Scholastic " " V. The Political " " VI. The Ecclesiastical Demon. " VII. Legion, or Satan Loosed.

The course in Boston will be held on Tuesday evenings, commencing December 7, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the Basement Hall of Baker's Building, Chapman Place—access from School street. Single Tickets at the door of the Hall, Chapman Place. Boston, November 23, 1852.

An Edition for the Million. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN FOR 37 1/2 CTS. WE have yielded to the repeated and earnest solicitations of numerous friends of humanity, and now offer to them and to the public generally—TO THE LIVING MASSES—an edition of Mrs. Stowe's unrivaled work at a price so low as to bring it within the means of every person. It seems a work of supererogation to speak in complimentary terms of a book,

of which have been printed, in this country and in Europe, in a little more than six months—a sale which has no counterpart in the world's history. Yet, notwithstanding this enormous sale, there are hundreds of thousands in our own country who have not yet perused the glowing pages of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, many of whom have been prevented from doing so, from inability to purchase. To remove this obstacle, we have issued this edition.

For THE MILLION. And millions will now read it, and own it, and drink in its heavenly principles, and the living generations of men will imbibe its noble sentiments, and generations yet unborn will rise up and bless its author, and thank the God of Heaven for inspiring a noble woman to utter such glowing, burning truths, for the redemption of the oppressed millions of our race.

To booksellers, Philanthropists, or Societies, who wish to purchase the above work, for sale or distribution, a liberal discount will be made. The edition is very neatly printed in large octavo pamphlet of 165 pages, double columns, thick paper covers, and firmly stitched. We now offer to the public the following editions:—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. RETAIL. The edition for the Million, 37 1/2 cents. In German, (in press), to be published about the 1st of January, 1853. 50 The edition in two vols., bound in cloth, best library edition, \$1 50 Super Illustrated Edition, with 145 Original Designs, by Billings, engraved by Baker & Smith, in 1 vol. octavo, cloth, 2 50 Cloth, full gilt, 3 50 Extra Turkey, full gilt, 5 00 JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

P. S.—MRS. STOWE IS NOW PREPARING, in a few days will offer to the public, A KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Being a complete refutation of some charges which have been made against her on account of alleged overstatements of facts in Uncle Tom. It will make a pamphlet of about 100 pages, double columns, and will present original facts and documents, most thoroughly establishing the truth of every statement in her book. Price 25 cts. Dec. 3 50s

SUPERB GIFT BOOKS. JOHN P. JEWETT & CO. BOSTON. HAVE published the following superbly illustrated Gift Books:—

HEAVEN AND ITS SCRIPTURAL EMBLEMS. BY REV. RUFUS W. CLARK. This work is intended by the reverend and talented author to fill a place too much neglected in the Gift Book literature of our country, viz. the RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT. He has presented a Picture of Heaven, drawn with graphic power and eloquence from Scripture authorities. He has illustrated it with FIVE ORIGINAL DESIGNS, engraved on steel, which we hesitate not to say have never been excelled, even by the exquisite pencil of Billings himself. In paper, printing and binding, we intend it shall be as near perfect as possible. In one volume 8vo. Price, in cloth, \$1 50; cloth gilt, \$3 50; Turkey, \$5 00. Ready December 1.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. BY MRS. H. C. STOWE. Re-stereotyped in one octavo volume, with Steel Portraits of Mrs. Stowe and Little Eva, and illustrated with ONE HUNDRED ORIGINAL DESIGNS, by BILLINGS; engraved in the highest style of Wood Engraving, by ten of the most distinguished artists in America. It is our intention to make of this one of the most splendid volumes ever published in the American press. It will be ready December 1. Price, in cloth, \$3 50; cloth gilt, \$5 00; Turkey, \$5 00. Orders from the Trade, for the above works, are respectfully solicited.

BOOKS IN PRESS. THE BOOK OF ONE THOUSAND ANECDOTES. Humorous, grave, and witty. An interesting book. BY M. LAPAYETTE BURN. THE SHADY SIDE. OR, LIFE IN A COUNTRY PARSONAGE. BY A PASTOR'S WIFE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTERY AND AGENTS. Publishing in numbers. Nos. 1 and 2 now ready. BY DR. E. C. ROGERS. The Spiritual Rappings Hapless is thoroughly exposed in these able lectures. Dr. Rogers, the author showing conclusively that these rappings proceed from physical and not from spiritual causes.

THE AUTOGRAPHS OF FREEDOM: Being contributions to the cause of humanity, by the most distinguished philanthropists of America and England. Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., Boston, Mass. Dec. 8 50s

THE TRIAL BY JURY. AN ingenious and very able work. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, IN GERMAN. We have in press, and shall issue as early as possible, this great work in the German language. It is being translated by Prof. HERZOG, one of the most distinguished German scholars in this country. We shall issue it in one volume octavo, double columns; to retail for FIFTY CENTS. Orders from the Trade, for the above works, are respectfully solicited. Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., Boston, Mass. Dec. 8 50s



We have received a small pamphlet, entitled 'Original Anti-Slavery Songs, by Joshua McSimmons, a Colored Man'—printed at Zanesville, Ohio. These poems are very creditable to their author. The following is a fair specimen:—

AWAY TO CANADA.

I'm on my way to Canada,
That cold but happy land;
The dire effects of slavery
I can no longer stand.
My soul is vexed within me so,
To think that I'm a slave,
I've now resolved to strike the blow
For freedom of the grave.
O! righteous Father,
Wilt thou not pity me,
And side me on to Canada,
Where colored men are free?

I heard good Queen Victoria say,
If we would all forsake
Our native land of slavery,
And come across the Lake,
That she was standing on the shore,
With arms extended wide,
To give us all a peaceful home,
Beyond the rolling tide.

Farwell, old Master!
That's enough for me—
I'm going straight to Canada,
Where colored men are free.

I heard the old soul-driver say,
As he was passing by,
'That darkey's bound to run away,
I see it in his eye!'
My heart responded to the charge,
And thought it was no crime,
And something seemed my mind to urge,
That now's the very time!

O! old Driver,
Don't you cry for me—
I'm going up to Canada,
Where colored men are free.

Grieve not, my wife, grieve not for me,
O! do not break my heart;
For nought but cruel slavery
Would cause me to depart.
If I should stay to quell your grief,
Your grief I would augment;
For no one knows the day that we
Asunder might be rent.

O! Susannah,
Don't you cry for me—
I'm going up to Canada,
Where colored men are free.

I heard old Master pray last night—
I heard him pray for me,
That God would come, and in his might
From Satan set me free;
So I from Satan would escape,
And flee the wrath to come—
If there's a friend in human shape,
Old Master must be one.

O! old Master!
While you pray for me,
I'm doing all I can to reach
The land of Liberty!

Ohio's not the place for me,
For I was much surprised,
So many of her sons to see,
In garments so disguised.
Her name has gone out through the world,
Free Labor—Soil—and Men!—
But slaves had better far be hurled
Into the Lion's Den.

Farwell, Ohio!
I am not safe in thee;
I'll travel on to Canada,
Where colored men are free.

I've now embarked for yonder shore,
Where man's a man by law;
The vessel soon will bear me o'er,
To shake the Lion's paw.
I no more dread the Auctioneer,
Nor fear the Master's frowns;
I no more tremble when I hear
The buying Negro-hounds.

O! old Master!
Don't think hard of me—
I'm just in sight of Canada,
Where colored men are free.

I've landed safe upon the shore,
Both soul and body free;
My blood and brain, and tears no more
Will drench old Tennessee;
But I'll denounce the seceding tear
Now stealing from my eye,
To think my wife—my only dear,
A slave must live and die.

O! Susannah,
Don't grieve after me—
Forever at a Throne of Grace,
I will remember thee.

From the Ohio A. S. Bugle.

'WHAT MADE THE DEMOCRATS SO GLAD?'

As the torch-light procession passed, on the evening of the 10th, a little boy inquired, 'What made the Democrats so glad?'

They're glad, my boy, because their might
Once more has triumphed over right;
That Slavery's blighting, midwest stain
Four more long years shall still remain;
That four more years the slaves must toil
In fetters, on Columbia's soil!

They're glad, my boy, that slavery dire,
Like yonder wrestling chain of fire,
Shall twine around the million hearts,
Till the last spark of hope departs;
Even fetter freemen at the North,
To do the bidding of the South.

They're glad there's one elected in,
Pledged to perpetuate this sin;
To stamp in dust the rights of man,
Put Christian duty under ban,
To send the flying bondman back,
With Northern blood-hounds on his track.

They're glad, my boy, that Clay's mis-spent
His mighty energies, and bent
The servile knee before that power
That brought our country this dark hour!
Think of the race he might have run—
Think of the good he might have done!

They're glad a Webster sleeps in night,
A recreant to the truth and right;
That no despairing, trembling slave
Shall drop a tear upon his grave;
Rejoice—they cannot bring him back.

Remember, boy, their knell will toll
From Freedom's surging waves shall roll;
A few more triumphs such as this,
Will end, at last, their boyish bliss;
The record of their lives will say,
'They lived, they sinned, and passed away!'

Salem, Ohio. S. A. D.

*As supporters of slavery, Whigs are as good as Democrats; and, besides, there were Whigs in the procession.

The Liberator.

ELEGY WITHOUT FICTION.

A SERMON.

Preached October 31st, 1852,

BY T. W. HIGGINSON.

Minister of the Worcester (Massachusetts) Free Church.

'I have said, ye are gods. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.'—PSALM 82: 6, 7.

I have remarked to you before, that the ancient Hebrews took a dark view of death, compared with the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. There was a maxim among these last nations, that 'whom the gods love, die young.' But the Hebrews did not think so. They thought the chief rewards and punishments of men consisted in the events of this life—that an early death was a punishment of sin, and a long life was an honor from God. If you look through the Old Testament, you will find many illustrations of this.

Nevertheless, they must all die, sooner or later. And then, the Hebrews, with their vivid oriental imaginations, saw clearly what an event the death of a distinguished man, especially, was—a what a gap it seemed to make in the world—that a tremendous blow it struck at earthly pride—how instantly it transferred the power, the position, the interest, which had belonged to the most illustrious departed, from him to those left behind, inferior as those might be. 'No man hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit, neither hath he any power in the day of death.'

I am struck with the impressiveness of the distinction used in the text. 'Ye shall die like men.' Nothing more or less than that. Nothing less, for all must die; even Jesus must have died, as to the body, and that have returned to the dust. Nothing more; for what can be more? There it is. The great man yields up his spirit, and the humble man yields up his; but go to their account. Ye shall die like men, only; but ye shall fall like one of the princes; ah! there is the distinction. There is no fall to the humble man; nay, the poor pauper, ignorant, friendless, helpless, during life, becomes somebody upon the event of death. Carriages, it may be, then follow, in procession, him who never even entered a carriage, or joined a procession, before; no fall for him, the world thinks. But the prince, the public officer, the eminent man, he before whom all men bowed during life, whose mere decision could save or sentence the criminal, enact a law to free the slave, or send him back to slavery; what a change, when for him who stirred the world, there is replaced a little piece of green turf, and then the earth is stirred and grows greener next year, and that is all. Here is a fall from place and power, which man, as man merely, does not have; and so it is well written, 'Ye shall die as men, and fall as one of the princes of the earth. Men die, and we do not notice it; the princes of the earth fall, and we hear it; the higher the tree, the crash echoes louder.'

And as, when we hear a stately tree fall, we forget that trees have been growing and falling ever since the world began; so we forget the princes of the earth who have fallen one by one. There has been no modern inscription grander than the inscription on Cleopatra's Needle, the great Egyptian Obelisk, thousands of years ago: 'The glorious hero, the mighty warrior, whose actions are great upon the banner—the king of an obedient people—a man just and virtuous—beloved of the Almighty Director of the universe—who created happiness throughout his dominions. During his life, he established meetings of wise and virtuous men, in order to introduce happiness and prosperity throughout his empire. He was, therefore, exalted by the Almighty, Khamsis, the third king, who, for his actions here below, was raised to immortality.'

And yet, but for this crumbling stone, this Khamsis would have been but one more barbarous name, on a long and tedious catalogue of kings. And as it is, perhaps that is true of this inscription which is true of one of the sculptures of Nineveh. It is said that one of the bricks, brought from those famous ruins, besides the letters inscribed upon it, is marked with the footprints of a small weasel, that must have run over the brick before it dried; so that the records of the mighty king, and of the diminutive animal, have been handed down upon the same piece of clay, to an equal immortality, longer or shorter.

But there are sterner lessons than these. There is no satire so bitter as the preservation of the epithets of greatness, when not only the memory of the name, but all its visible glories are past away. It is said that in the Egyptian desert, the traveller comes, at length, upon the solitary ruins of a gigantic statue. Two vast stone feet stand fixed, for ever, in the sand, and, by them, lies mangled and broken, a head, with crumbling features, on which a cold, haughty snarl is still apparent. And upon this relic is this carved epitaph:—

'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'

Nothing but remains; and all around, 'the lone and level sands stretch far away,' in vast, stern condemnation of this colossal vanity of vanities.

Ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes. We think less of born princes now; but among those promoted to high station in this country and in Europe, how many have recently been called away! It seems but a little while since an old man, who had seen stirring times in France, in the days of Napoleon, told me, exultingly, that there was one great sovereign in Europe, Louis Philippe, and one great subject, the Duke of Wellington, and that he had grasped hands with both; and now both are departed, and that old man departed before them. Sir Robert Peel, too, is lately gone, the greatest, perhaps, of British statesmen, and showing his greatness in the true English way; by resisting reform as long as possible, and then taking it up, with no parade of virtue, or foolish pretence at consistency, and carrying it through better than any other could have—because, he said, it was time now, and a wise statesman must meet every new question when its time had come. In this country, we have lost a President during this administration; three Massachusetts Representatives in Congress; Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

I pass over the death of President Taylor; it was two years ago—a great while in the history of this country. Nay, that of Mr. Clay, idolized as he was by many, personally the most popular of his party, and for years its real leader, is already half forgotten, and seems so far away that I had almost passed it by in my enumeration. The four Massachusetts deaths are more recent, and have followed in close succession. Of two of these, I shall not pause to speak; whatever may be the interest attending these occasions, it is merged in the more signal interest of the others; in the case of Mr. Webster, from his past position in the history of this country; in the case of Mr. Rantoul, from what would have been his future position.

I regard Mr. Rantoul as a fair specimen of the best that a man can be, and yet be a great American statesman. I mean to imply by this, that I do not think this vocation, especially in a country like ours, to be the highest position of a man. It has been strongly said by an English writer, that to be a great statesman, requires a combination of very great and very mean qualities. I do not say this; but I do say, that to be a leading American statesman implies an amount of compromise, to which a man of the highest order cannot consent. There is a power of management, a power of occasional concession to man's baser nature, a power of overlooking the means for the sake of the end; without which, no man can drive Freedom and Slavery, this span of black and white horses, in one rein, even in a right direction; but, with which, no man of the highest tone can be satisfied. I believe that Mr. Rantoul would have readily become, in the Democratic party, what Mr. Seward is to the Whig party; a splendid combination of skill and power, with a minimum of compromise—one of the pilots of Reform, of whom I once told you, without whom no ship could enter port, but with whose aid alone, no ship could ever cross the ocean.

But this is much, and cannot be spared. I am told that Mr. Rantoul was rapidly rising, by his abilities and acquirements, to a leading place in the House of Representatives, and I do not doubt it. Nor do I doubt that he would have used the position well. He was committed, up to a certain point, to Anti-Slavery principle, and his heart was so far engaged in it. I think he never receded from any position in which his heart and conscience were enlisted. He has failed to go forward, sometimes, but he never went backward. He took up the Temperance cause, years ago, when it was unpopular, and got his party permanently committed on that side. These were minor tests, and he bore them well. The Anti-Slavery question was a greater test—too great for him at first. Yet, compare his position on that point with that of most other influential politicians, and he stood well. John G. Whittier once told me of a conversation with Mr. Rantoul, held fifteen years ago, in which he told him frankly, that the Anti-Slavery principles were right, and he would advocate them, but that he thought them impracticable. 'But,' said he, 'if I do not do this myself, I never will denounce those who do it;' and, so far as I know, unlike the rest of his party, he never did. He took office, and kept silence, but he did not denounce or ridicule those whom he felt at heart to be right. In 1848, he so far sympathized with the Free Soil movement, as to say openly, that he would support its candidate, if he believed it possible to elect him. And what he has done since, you know.

Some men are sincere when they do wrong, and others sincere when they do right; I think Mr. Rantoul was of the latter class. He never professed more than he fulfilled. The Anti-Slavery mission which made this last change in him. Was it so?

At the time of the fugitive slave case in Boston, I had a conversation with Mr. Rantoul, which it interests me to recollect. I had gone to his office on an errand for the Vigilance Committee. They were attempting to obtain the execution of a civil process upon Thomas Sims, thus to take him from the United States officers, and release him upon bail; and they wished to obtain, from the Governor, the appointment of a high sheriff who would do his duty to the Commonwealth, and serve the process, if the existing sheriff would not. Mr. Rantoul approved the proceeding, and promised his influence. This matter dismissed, he proceeded to some words about himself, having apparently been just annoyed by some fresh attacks upon him. 'They say,' said he, 'that I am governed by ambition in the course I am taking. Do they not know what I am sacrificing? To defend this slave case will cost me \$10,000, in the time it takes, its interference with all my other business, and the great loss of professional friends and patronage. Then, as to Congress, I cannot afford to give up my practice and go to Washington, and my friends know it. They say I am ambitious for a place in Congress, when every leading Whig in my district knows that I might have been there three years ago, if I had chosen to desert my party. If I am not acting from principle in this matter, I am acting the part of a fool, and even my opponents know that.'

You must judge for yourselves how far this is exaggerated. Men exaggerate from excitement, sometimes, as well as from policy. Unquestionably, Mr. Rantoul had no equal in his district for statesmanlike qualities and acquirements, and in policy had a skill in maneuvering, which was even a drawback upon his real greatness, and, in one or two cases, upon his later usefulness to freedom. These he might have brought to bear for the benefit of the majority in his district, if he had chosen, instead of the minority. He did not, and was ready to employ them in a better cause than that of either. I am told that no man ever made so great an impression at Washington in so short a time, and I can understand it. The House of Representatives is not a place of great men, and he had great knowledge, great readiness, great industry, no corrupt habits, and I will add, an accomplished wife, who acted as his Secretary, and was acquainted with the details of all public questions in which he was interested. Though not an original thinker, nor a man of the highest eloquence, nothing could yet have prevented him from great public distinction, if he had lived. His Anti-Slavery position, such as it was, would not have been sufficient to prevent this. The want which the Democratic party has felt, for years, of a Northern man with Northern principles, and equal to its leadership, was supplied in him. No public station would have been beyond his reasonable ambition, if he had lived.

If he had lived! the one essential condition of all action; and the one which all men forget. 'Who are ye that say, I will go to such a city, and buy and sell; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow.' There has been no such solemn warning to ambition in our time as the death of Mr. Rantoul, if men felt such warnings; but they do not. His death felt widely, deeply—lastingly, shall I say—I dare not say. There was not much said; a great deal was said. The streets did not go into mourning; but some hearts did. Public bodies did not express regret; some, perhaps, rejoiced; not that this is inconsistent with the other. We do not know, in this case, we do not know what was felt; we know what was not said. The Boston Bar, never backward to notice the death of its most insignificant members, made no allusion to the death of one of its most distinguished ones, who had been its District Attorney; a fact, which, if remembered in connection with him, will be remembered as Cato wished a like circumstance to be, when he said that he would rather people should say, 'Why was not Cato's statue placed among those in the market-place?' than 'Why was it there?'

He died, and since then a different death has taken, in men's minds, the place of his, so that even his seems a long while ago.

In the Scripture story, it is recorded that there were two men, of whom one said, 'I go, sir,' but went not; and the other, 'I go not, sir,' but afterwards repented and went. It has seemed to me, that Mr. Rantoul well represented the last of these two men. Will it be the verdict of posterity that the other public officer, whose departure we are now commemorating, represented the other?

And here let me pause to lament that indiscriminate and unmanly spirit of adulation, which holds that death should wipe out the sternness of truth, and substitute a timid falsehood in its place. I can pardon selfishness concerning the memory of a sinful and imperfect fellow-being, but I cannot pardon falsehood. To blame is a serious and solemn responsibility. I know, but so it is to praise; and they should not be separated. The grave should bury personal and partisan feelings; but not moral distinctions, for they are more venerable than any man, and more precious than any personal service. Let us say nothing, or the truth. Mr. Channing well said, that 'if a man could not bear that the truth should be told of his character, light and shadow, just as it was—better pass it by.' This alternative we should wish for ourselves, and this we should give to another. But it is too late to say nothing. The streets of this nation are full of memorials of virtues attributed to the great departed. 'The star of the world;' 'the sum of all human greatness;'—Jesus of Nazareth had no such epithets as these.

Speak from thine unknown sphere, O powerful but erring human spirit, and to this idle adulation, Silence, or Truth!

I hardly feel free to comment, at length, upon the position and character of Mr. Webster; not because of his greatness, only; for he was a weak mortal, and what loss are we? but for other reasons. Nothing is so hard as for a person to do justice to the characters, services and circumstances of those about a half century his elders. They are too near, and yet too far away. Just too near to be criticised as historical characters, for the personal feeling has not had time to subside; just too far off to be understood as contemporaries. I must leave the scales of justice in elder hands, at this time, and for younger hands by and by, and say but a little, and that cautiously and humbly.

Let me pass hastily over the lower standards by which Mr. Webster is to be tried; his intellectual claims as a statesman, a lawyer, and an orator.

It is a maxim, that the test of a statesman, as of a general, lies not in his plans, but in his success. Tried by this standard, Mr. Webster failed. He early advocated free trade, unsuccessfully; he then advocated a tariff, under a tremendous fire of reproach for his change, and unsuccessfully; he unsuccessfully defended the United States Bank, and lived to pronounce it an obsolete idea. He aimed, successfully, to prevent a war with England on the boundary question. Was this a great success? I doubt. Is not the Slave Power a sufficient guarantee against a war with England, by which it has nothing to gain? It will ally itself with the buccannery spirit of the West, to conquer Mexico and Cuba, for slavery. It will as readily ally itself with the mercantile spirit of our Eastern cities, to prevent a war which would result only in annexing Canada for freedom. It is no test of a great statesman to induce people to do as they wish. Mr. Rantoul showed some power, when he induced the Massachusetts Democracy to go, even so far as they have gone, towards freedom, for they did not wish to do it. Mr. Webster had no opportunity of showing great power, in preserving peace with England, for both countries desired it. This does not seem to me, therefore, a great success.

Again, Mr. Webster advocated two noble causes, perhaps the best causes he ever consistently sustained—the cause of Hungary, and the freedom of the Western lands to actual settlers. But he advocated both unsuccessfully; neither has prevailed in our legislation. Finally, he has tried, irregularly and occasionally, to rouse the North for freedom; he did it unsuccessfully; he suddenly changed his ground, endeavored to bend it to slavery, and was unsuccessful in that. The attempt to nominate him for the Presidency was unsuccessful, and the desperate attempt to make a final demonstration in his favor, was arrested by a message sent from his death-bed. Strange coincidence! that that message should have been signed by the hand that did sign it; the hand that bore upon it, at Mr. Webster's bidding, the darkest stain of any in Massachusetts; the hand which signed the certificate which a year before sent back Thomas Sims, a chained slave, from the free city of Boston. I speak it in sorrow, not in anger; but history never forgets retractions like this. Judged by success, then, he was not a great statesman. The skill and tactics of the Whig party lay in the versatile brain and ready will of Clay and of others; Mr. Webster supplied its argument and administrative skill. In the midst of the ignorance and vulgarity that have disgraced our public proceedings, his vigor, knowledge and clearness have stood forth conspicuous, and helped to keep up the intellectual standard of our statesmanship. His State papers and letters—although his one singular mistake about the discovery of the Lobos Islands would have crushed the administrative reputation of a lesser man—were models in their kind, and probably unequalled in this generation.

There is but one way in which a statesman can hope to obtain permanent reputation, except by success, and that is consistency. Tried by this test, also, Mr. Webster failed. Inconsistent on the Tariff, inconsistent on the Bank, his crowning inconsistency was on the one great question of the day—Slavery. His foresight was tried here, and found wanting. He changed his position here. Setting morality aside, and speaking only the language of the intellect, posterity will say of him, as Napoleon said, 'It was worse than a crime; it was a blunder.' There is not a shadow of question that Mr. Webster was, at one period, very near to identifying himself with the Anti-Slavery agitation. Nay, long before he deplored the want of a North in Congress, the most sectional thing ever said by a Northern man there, he seemed to hold this position. For I have it from reliable authority, that years ago, during a contested election in the old Third District, when John G. Whittier was the Liberty candidate, Mr. Webster, in a conversation at Lowell, advised some of his friends to support him, with this expressive addition, 'It is the ground we have all got to come to, sooner or later.'—Who can tell the consequence, had he come to it then? He failed, and lived to exhibit that which Lord John Russell pronounced to be the one thing worse than the cant of Reform, its melancholy recant.

As a lawyer, I cannot, of course, speak of him but by reputation. Yet the law in his hands was more than it seems in those of many great lawyers; it seemed to be with him a study of principles as well as precedents, and his speeches belong to literature, at least, if not to philosophy. There is a remarkable felicity of handling shown in them, and an attraction is thrown around the subjects least familiar to popular interest. A remarkable instance of this was his argument in the late India Rubber case; one of the few legal arguments, not involving a human life or a moral principle, which the general reader peruses with unflagging interest, through the mere brilliancy and vigor of the statement.

But it takes a rare fascination, rather than this, to carry such speeches, or speeches on greater occasions, down to the next generation; and when one asks, in calm reflection, will Mr. Webster's addresses be permanently read, the answer remains uncertain. I suppose that no department of literature, not even sermons, are so swiftly left behind as speeches. Written for the ear, not the eye, they pass away with the audiences that heard them; even the printing press cannot save them. To write at once for the ear and the eye is the rarest of all gifts. To have at the same time the power of original thought, and the power to condense that thought into a form of absolute, permanent beauty, is the very rarest of combinations; and yet posterity will accept nothing less. Many men have moments of inspirations; snatches of their high thought are murmured into music and remembered; but who are those whose eloquence has habitually this perfect power? I can think of but two such voices which this country and generation have heard; there is Kossuth, and there is Wendell Phillips. I can hardly hope that any other contemporary eloquence will be long remembered, and I am not sure even of theirs.

Mr. Webster's personal appearance was the most remarkable which this generation had looked upon; his mere presence was an oration. But these things cannot be commemorated, and their record fades. Only genius lives, and genius consecrated to highest aims. Thought and beauty; these are remembered in literature; the philosopher and the poet—and so far as the orator is either of these, he is remembered, and no farther. Plato and Homer; these are read; they are as great facts in memory as in their lives; Demosthenes is a far off echo only. I think the writings of Webster will stand by those of Fisher Ames, and Hamilton, and John Adams, in libraries, but the smallest contribution from a deep original thinker is not left to stand in libraries; it becomes a part of the current thought and language of men. The pages of Emerson, for instance, are starry with statements of absolute truth, stretching into the very core of society, and the very life of man's soul; these are what make up permanent literature; the most magnificent contemporary reputation cannot save writings which do not contain this one priceless ore. There is a terrible inaccuracy in the contemporary judgments of men, and as formidable an accuracy in their final decisions. Shakespeare, the one intellectual prodigy of the world, and whom the best intellects of the world exhaust themselves in criticizing, was not even enumerated among the men of his time, by Lord Bacon, who took the census of its attainments. And Milton stands recorded by contemporaries as 'a tedious old blind schoolmaster,' and again as 'the blind adder who spit his venom on the King's sacred person.' What hope, after this, can any contemporary judgments of ours have, that they will stand as the

permanent voice of humanity? We must hazard them as guesses, and so leave them.

Moreover, all this is intellectual criticism—only that; and now that it has been spoken, let it be set aside again; let it go for nothing; let us pass to other things. Let the old expand again to its former size; still the stern questions remain—Is it an idol, or is it a God? Grant all that can be claimed of intellectual power, however extravagant, still remains the question, What is the value of it all? Bacon was called the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind; perhaps it was not true of him; but the combination might be possible. Is greatness of intellect the greatest greatness? Can it cover the charge of selfish ambition? Can it cover the sudden change from a love of freedom, flickering, indeed, but sincere, to a blind, servile concentration of all faculties in opposing the cause of freedom? Can it cover private vices—charges so often made that it would be virtual falsehood not to allude to them—intemperance, licentiousness, bribery, pecuniary untrustworthiness? Charges like these cannot be ignored; they must be met. When the subdued, dissatisfied voice of the world makes them, it is not enough for us, a younger race, to whom you hold up this strong man as an angel—it is not enough to ignore them. We cannot prove them all, perhaps; or if we could, have no desire to do so now; but they cast a shadow across the flame of your incense, which will not move away. Surely, an American statesman, like Caesar's wife of old, should not even be suspected. All are not suspected. Mr. Calhoun passed through an eventful life, changed his party, sustained the worst cause ever sustained by a public man in this country, and yet no breath of suspicion was ever lifted against him upon such charges. Why is it otherwise here? I would not speak of these things, did not others speak and write them; but I have a right to ask, in the name of every young man of this nation, who wishes to lead a noble life, in the name of truth, and purity, and manhood, how is it that you dare to build an idol like this for us, that we, in our hour of greatest need, may go to it, and find it only clay?

I may be wrong, but I have always believed that the most solemn warning ever given to the young men of this nation, as to the impossibility of combining private sin with public virtue, has been the career of Mr. Webster. I believe that his personal habits and expenditures have been the weight that kept him from ascending to the great work of a true American statesman, and finally dragged him down to earth, on that disastrous March day. A man cannot be impure and sensual, without corrupting his moral nature; a man cannot be profane and dissolute, and avoid becoming dependent (if he be in public life) on the favor of the rich and powerful. Could Mr. Webster have freed himself from these—have ceased to need the 'Optimists and Quietists,' he would have ceased to need his bidding; but this, only a change in the habits of years could have effected. If he could have done this, the really noble impulses which were always, perhaps, first in his large nature, would have borne him aloft as the balloon soars, when the weights are cut away which hold it; keep them uncut, and the great machine, half inflated, rolls restless and uneasy from side to side, and then collapses, despairing; and the crowd can only say—'What an accident this might have been! Might have been! the saddest of all epithets.'

Not anger, not sarcasm, not petty criticism, is meet for an occasion like this; nay, the time has long passed when it was fitting. The true tragedy of Daniel Webster was at its crisis long months ago; they who had tears should have prepared them then—not now; this is only the end of the epilogue, which comes after the tragedy. Whittier struck the key-note of the voice of Massachusetts and of posterity, long since, in that wonderful poem, which may yet be remembered longer than his subject:

ICHABOD.

Revere him not—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Beit his fall!

O! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
Discolored brow.

But let his humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with aged gaze,
And hide the shame.

Young men who hear me—do not let them deceive you. A great man has fallen; but his greatest fall was long ago. The land seems filled with mourning; but so it has publicly mourned, within our memory, for Harrison, for Adams, for Taylor, for Clay. Soon shall those mournful inscriptions be laid aside; the black crape and cloth be folded away for other purposes, or be sold perhaps to the highest bidder. The tide of life is very swift, and will close again over the sorrow for Webster; and the grand sculpture by Powers be the best remembrance of that greatness.

Men will be absorbed in their own achievements and sins, and forget his. No, they will not forget all that he did which was well done; time will unerringly select it out, and build it into the young life of the nation; and who knows but that strong spirit, purified gradually from its errors, may yet watch beside the dead, permitted to help the operation of all the influence it exerted here for good, and counteract some of the evil? Who knows but it was the better nature, still struggling in that great misguided soul, which exclaimed, 'I yet live,' in those dying hours, in answer to a voice like that which spoke to Moses, when he departed ere entering the Promised Land, and said unto him, 'Come up higher!'

SENATOR SUMNER. The Commonwealth touches him gently in the following paragraph:—

'The Free Soilers all over the State have felt that in this struggle to preserve the balance of power in their hands, they should have had the efforts of the men they had placed in positions of honor and influence. The people and their organs have called for such efforts, as they had a right to expect, in language not to be mistaken or disregarded. If any one of the Free Democracy possessing influence has failed to respond to the calls of the party and the solicitations of friends to give a few nights to the effort to save the State, we hope that man has good reason for his silence.'

Gov. Foote, of Mississippi, announces himself as a candidate for the U. S. Senate.

The Lowell *American* says that Col. Schouler himself may be described as a 'Free Soil, Fugitive Slave Law, Coalition, Anti-Consolidation, Temperance, Anti-Liquor Law Whig.'

An Available Face. A Western editor, referring to a wood-cut likeness of Gen. Pierce, published by a contemporary, says:—'It is the same which appeared in that sheet several years ago as the likeness of the celebrated Ephraim K. Avery. Subsequently it made its appearance as the "hero of San Jacinto." It has been inserted from time to time to represent Dr. Bransford, of pillory notoriety; also, Signor Blitz and Professor Gardner, the soap man. It has also at different times appeared at the head of the Townsend Sanitary advertisements. A few years ago, it was published as a striking likeness of Martin Van Buren, and in 1848 as that of Gen. Cass. Who next?'

A writer in the *Journal of Commerce* says, that he knows in California no less than four dry goods merchants who peddle claims, and seven ministers of the gospel who tend bar.

One hundred and fifty persons died in the city of New York, during the last twelve months of delirium tremens! There were nine murders caused by rum, and nearly ten thousand commitments for drunkenness.



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Engraved by permission from Stuart and co. the
original portrait in the Albany, Boston.

THIS superb picture, engraved under the patronage of THOMAS SULLY, Esq., the most eminent and highly-gifted artist, is the only correct likeness of Washington ever published. It has been characterized as the greatest work ever produced in this country. As to its fidelity, we refer to the adopted son of Washington, GEORGE WASHINGTON PARK GUSTIS, who says, 'it is a faithful representation of the original,' and to the SENATOR, CHARLES CALHOUN, who says, 'it is the best likeness of the original I have ever seen.' The portrait is yet strongly impressed on my memory, and it is no less happy in its likeness to the Father of his country. It was my good fortune to have seen him in the days of my boyhood, and his appearance is yet strongly impressed on my memory. The portrait you have issued appears to me to be an exact likeness, representing perfectly the expression as well as the form and features of the face.' And says SENATOR CALHOUN, 'it is a true and correct representation of the original.' PRESIDENT FILLMORE says, 'it is the best likeness of the original I have ever seen.' The portrait is yet strongly impressed on my memory, and it is no less happy in its likeness to the Father of his country. It was my good fortune to have seen him in the days of my boyhood, and his appearance is yet strongly impressed on my memory. The portrait you have issued appears to me to be an exact likeness, representing perfectly the expression as well as the form and features of the face.' And says SENATOR CALHOUN, 'it is a true and correct representation of the original.' PRESIDENT FILLMORE says, 'it is the best likeness of the original I have ever seen.' The portrait is yet strongly impressed on my memory, and it is no less happy in its likeness to the Father of his country. It was my good fortune to have seen him in the days of my boyhood, and his appearance is yet strongly impressed on my memory. The portrait you have issued appears to me to be an exact likeness, representing perfectly the expression as well as the form and features of the face.' And says SENATOR CALHOUN, 'it is a true and correct representation of the original.' PRESIDENT FILLMORE says, 'it is the best likeness of the original I have ever seen.' The portrait is yet strongly impressed on my memory, and it is no less happy in its likeness to the Father of his country. It was my good fortune to have seen him in the days of my boyhood, and his appearance is yet strongly impressed on my memory. The portrait you have issued appears